

Ambrosius-051

by HEROXOR

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Summary: Kidnapped, trained, and kidnapped again. He was the commander, trainer of the Spartan-IIIs, and saved three of the best Spartan-IIIs in his final stand against a Covenant army. But, fate thinks his skills can be used elsewhere.

1. Chapter 1: MIA

WARNING! This contains spoilers (some pretty badass ones at that) from Eric Nylund's **_*Ghosts of Onyx*_. You have been warned.**

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Enjoy!

CHAPTER 1

A mixture of alien screams echoed throughout the Forerunner room as hundreds of Elites, Grunts, Jackals, and Hunters charged into the Core Room antechamber. They raised their guns in victory upon reclaiming their god's chambers and seeing the dead bodies of three demons. One was riddled with needles, one laid on the ground with molten chest armor, and the last one was surrounded by pieces of two dead Hunters. A few officer-class Sangheili bowed their heads slightly in respect towards the latter demon who took on two Hunters at once in unarmed combat. Unknown to the present Covenant Army, those demons accomplished their mission in rigging two FENRIS nuclear warheads on both sides of the room for remote detonation.

A Golden Zealot holding an energy sword, flanked by two Hunters, stood proudly at the top of the ramp, staring at a lone figure. A Spartan-II, clad in advanced SPI armor of the Spartan-IIIs, blocked

the large entrance to a Slipstream Translocation device that lead into the core of the Shield World codenamed Onyx. Lieutenant Commander Kurt Ambrose, originally named Kurt-051, struggled to rise. Blood seeped through his armor from a major stomach laceration and trickled down on to the metallic floor. Biofoam was the only thing holding his insides in place. His vision tunneled... but he got to his feet... and raised both hands into a fighting stance.

There were hundreds of missing-in-action Spartans with him on the platformâ€” from the Spartan-III's Alpha and Beta Companies, Dante, Holly, and to even some of his own brothers, Will-043 and Sam-034... all ready to fight and win this last battle with him.

Hallucination? Maybe. It was nonetheless welcome. The ghostly Spartans nodded, and gave him the thumbs-up signal.

Kurt wouldn't let them down. All he had to do was single-handedly stop a Covenant army. One last impossible mission... the short definition of any Spartan. It was the least he owed them.

The Fleet Master Elite snarled at Kurt, and the translation filtered through his helmet's speaker: "One last fight, demon. You will die and we shall reopen the silver path."

"Die?" Kurt laughed. "Didn't you know?" he told the Elite. "... Spartans never die." Kurt turned his gauntlet face-up and pressed the detonator.

He saw pure white until he faded into unconsciousness. Slowly, visions of red crept into his mind.

* * *

><p>A group of eight highly trained killers, I mean, students hiked through a red-colored forest and one, whose favorite color is red, stared at the nature-filled beauty of Forever Falls.<p>

A 15 year old girl leading three others, had black hair and red highlights and wore a black blouse with red trimmings around her black combat skirt, topped off with a red cloak. She had some type of black and red rectangular device just above the back of her skirt. A white-ponytail haired girl followed behind her, who wore a white/faded blue bolero and a similar color thigh-length dress with a intricately-designed rapier attached to the left side of her waist. Behind her, a blonde-haired girl was showing a fair bit of cleavage with a low-cut yellow top with a tan jacket that had puffy sleeves and yellow gauntlets on her wrist. She wore brown belt with a buckle with a pleated tan skirt attached on the back and black short shorts. A black-haired girl with a large bow on her head walked next to her, with a book in hand. She had a white sleeveless shirt with white shorts, covered by a black vest with coattails and a large cleaver with a ribbon attached to her back.

"Miss Goodwitch, why are we collecting red sap again?" the white-haired girl asked in annoyance. "Professor Peach has tasked you all to collect more red sap like the previous assignment but I am adding my own lessons in as well," the middle-aged, light blonde-haired teacher replied, "We are heading into a deeper part of the forest where you will have to fend for yourselves while collecting three jars of red sap for each person." "I will be there

to intervene if something severe happens, but I will not babysit you," Goodwitch explained, "Contact me with your scrolls if you are in any immediate trouble."

The 15 year old leader stopped and turned around to her other three teammates, "This is so AWESOME! One of our first assignments where we don't have a teacher looking over our shoulder. Don't worry Weiss. As captain of Team RWBY, we will be quick and efficient! I have a plan." Ruby exclaimed. "And what will that be, o glorious leader?" the white-haired girl named Weiss asked sarcastically. "We have Blake and you gather the sap from the trees, while Yang and I keep an eye out for any Grimm," Ruby stated. "We should head a little bit more north, the huge amount of trees up there will provide cover plus we can harvest from them, too," the black-haired girl named Blake said monotonously. The blond-haired girl named Yang was easily the most lively out of the group as she activated her shotgun gauntlets on her wrists, "Yeah! If there are any Ursas, I can just jump off one of the trees and slam their faces into the ground," she replied excitedly. "Alright Team RWBY, let's go!" Ruby yelled and ran ahead with her teammates following behind.

A blonde, white-armored boy wearing a pair of jeans looked at his three teammates nervously. His orange-haired, hyper teammate, sporting a large metallic hammer on her back, was jumping for joy with the idea that she could eat all the sweet and delicious red sap. A teenager clothed in what resembled a traditional green Chinese clothing was trying to calm her down and the other, dressed in gladiator armor and armed with a spear and shield, tried to encourage the blond boy to form a plan. "Umâ€œ| I don't think we should eat the sap, Nora," said Jaune. Nora looked a little dejected for a split second, but smiled again, "Can I just have one jar? Pretty please?" she strained the last word and stared at him with big puppy dog eyes. "Nora, I'll get you an extra jar, but you need to be on guard duty so we don't fail the assignment," Ren replied while brushing aside his only strand of pink-highlighted hair. A beautiful red-headed gladiatrix named Pyrrha added, "I'll watch her while you and Jaune gather the sap." I'm so glad I have these guys on my team, Jaune thought with reassurance, "I guess we can start heading out."

**40 minutes later...**

"Phew! Well, we finally filled up all twelve jars," Weiss tiredly stated after placing down their final jar. "Good job team! We completely our assignment without fail, but I am wondering why there are so few Grimm, especially Ursas, in the area." Ruby said, twirling her scythe in her fingers then transforming and storing it away on to her lower back. Yang strolled over to the cat faunas who was lying against a tree. "Man, I wanted to fight a few Beowolves or an Ursa, I'm itching for a fight. Hey Blake, you want to spar when we get back?" Blake peeked up from the book she was reading, "Sure, need to get some practice in anyways." The four girls grabbed three jars for each of them and started walking back to Beacon.

A loud explosion rocked the forest, followed by a shockwave that swept them off their feet. They all flipped into a fighting stance with their weapons, aimed towards the source of the unexpected explosion when a hurricane wind pushed them back a few feet. "What the hell was that?" Yang yelled. "I don't know but we should go check it out, someone could have gotten hurt." Ruby said, ready to launch herself with Crescent Rose. "What about our assignment?" Weiss

angrily asked, "Whoever is out there can probably handle themselves if they're in these parts of the woods." Blake sniffed the air then looked at Weiss and said, "It's better to know what's happening than to ignore something of this magnitude plus I smell an unfamiliar scent and human blood." Ruby glowed a steady red and shot her rifle, launching herself into the air with blinding speed, leaving rose petals behind her.

**Somewhere close by with Team JNPR...**

"WHAT THE HECK!?" screamed Jaune as an unrelenting wind launched him to the top of a nearby tree. Pyrrha reached behind her and dropped into a fighting stance with her shield and spear at the ready. Ren acrobatically flipped into a tree, fished out his dual machine pistols from his sleeves, and began surveying the source of explosion. "Hey! Hey Ren! What do you see?" Nora repeatedly asked while holding her giant grenade launcher in hammer form. Ren squinted his eyes, "There's a pretty wide clearing about two and a half miles south. A bunch of trees got blown to the edges of the clearing." Jaune climbed down from the tree and shakely grabbed his scroll behind his back, "I'm going to contact Goodwitch, and then we run back to Beacon. Sound good?" "Aw..., I want to see how big that explosion was..." the crazed demolition expert sadly replied. Ren dropped down from his perch and placed a reassuring hand on her shoulder, "I think we should check it out anyways, Ruby and her team might be in trouble." Nora's face lit up with a curved grin, "Yeah! That's it! One of them might be hurt." "I agree. We should head down there as fast as we can, someone else might be wounded too. Right, Jaune?" Pyrrha asked. Team JNPR's leader hesitatingly contemplated their situation, "Fine. But I would hate to be responsible if you guys get hurt." "Don't worry. We can take care of ourselves I mean, what's the worse that can happen?" Nora replied with a smile.

* * *

><p>Ruby crouched on the soft grass and slowly crept towards a low-laying red bush on the edge of the cone-shaped clearing.
Whoa, she thought, _What the heck happened here?_ The trees laid strewn across the ground like a bulldozer ran through the area, and towards the other end of the clearing, some of the trees gave way to ash, as if something incinerated them. She skirted around the left side of the blast radius for a minute or two, checking for any signs of Grimm in the treeline. As she passed the halfway point of the blast radius, trees were completely uprooted and laid all across the area. She looked farther down, and she wished she didn't.

Everything was burned to ashes. The utter destruction of this beautiful forest horrified her, but she pressed on. At the end of the clearing, she stared at two giant bluish or purplish hills that were at the edge of the clearing until small glints of light entered her field of vision. She turned to look at the source and saw something that surprised her. A prone figure was in the center of the destroyed field, unmoving. She surveyed the area one last time, and when she decided it was safe, she cautiously walked towards the center. She saw a few weapons on the ground, and almost drooled at the sight of a five foot rifle, but she narrowed her focus on the robot-person-thing on the ground.

She gasped at how large the figure was, which she figured could easily be eight feet, but upon closer inspection, she saw a huge

bloody gash in the armor's stomach. She rushed its right side to what she presumably thought was a person and tried to remove the helmet, but it wouldn't budge, "What happened to you? Hello?" she frantically asked. A finger twitched from her attempts of trying to remove the helmet, which signaled that the person was still alive, but barely. Ruby reached into her pocket, trying to grab her scroll so that she could contact Professor Goodwitch, but she suddenly stopped.

She started clutching her throat when a force began choking her. Her gray eyes widened as she steadily rose into the air and was lifted about a foot off the ground. Her body slightly turned away and toward the person's feet. The sudden appearance doubled her heart rate. A golden-armored creature materialized out of thin air, standing over the wounded person, as it grasped a handle on its thigh. She noticed that its armor was scorched and the creature itself was burned and bleeding a dark purple on its limb and stomach. Its mouth split into four mandibles and roared in its native tongue, "WHAT HAVE YOU DONE, HUMAN!?" It flicked the handle and a blue, two pronged sword made of some sort of energy crackled to life. Where did it come from? Oh no. I can't reach Crescent Rose in time. I'm going to die! Ruby feared as she frantically clawed the creature's arm.

* * *

><p>Images of a red forest with a foggy blue sky faded into his blurry vision. He couldn't quite see out of his dirt-covered helmet, Wait, am I still alive? Last thing he remembered was facing an elite and two Hunters, then the blinding light of two nuclear warheads going off. His thoughts were interrupted as he felt something pulling on his helmet and glanced up. He couldn't see the person's face, just a blurry image of a girl with short black hair, Lucy? What is she doing here? I thought she already went through the Forerunner bunker._ He saw her reach around for something, but she just stopped. Kurt's eyes widened when she started levitating while clutching her throat. He stared in horror and a faint crackling sound entered through the helmet's speakers.

The same Golden Zealot that tried to kill him stood over his body and was aiming to kill Lucy. His battle-hardened instincts took over. Grimacing through the pain, he grabbed the eight-inch combat knife sheathed in his left shoulder and threw it, yelling, "LUCY!"

**Author's Note: **

**So, this is my first fanfiction. I've barely seen any fanfiction with Kurt-051, who was in my opinion one of the most developed characters in the Halo franchise. Eric Nylund did a great job in forming this character. If you read his book, I pretty much took Kurt's death scene but Nylund deserves all the credit to the first scene. I want to thank one of my friends for being an awesome beta reader. **

Please like, favorite, and review. I need your feedback to improve my writing.

2. Chapter 2: Living Tanks

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Onyx**_. **You have been warned.**

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CHAPTER 2

Ruby stared at the yellow-slit eyes of the golden-armored creature and clawed at the its three-fingered hand. She couldn't scream or grab Crescent Rose in time. All she could do was watch the creature plunge the alien sword into her stomach.

"LUCY!" came a deep gravelly, slightly robotic voice. A glint of light entered her peripheral vision for a split second before finding its destination.

A huge knife lodged itself into its neck and the creature dropped Ruby. The creature stumbled back in shock as Ruby took a deep breath. Adrenaline pumped into her system as she spun Crescent Rose from her back and smoothly sliced the creature's torso in half. Dark purple blood spewed from the creature's chest and the two halves fell apart as it landed on the ash-covered ground.

She stored her weapon onto her back again and dropped back down to the man's side, "Hey. Thank you." The man didn't stir, "Wake mister! Come on, don't die on me. You just saved my life!" Ruby tried to lift him up, but he didn't even budge. She quickly grabbed her scroll from her back to contact Beacon's emergency services, "Hello?Hello?My name is Ruby Rose and I'm a huntress-in-training.â€" The image of a young brunette with a headset popped onto the screen, "Whoa, slow down," the medical dispatcher said in a soothing voice, "Take a deep breath and tell me what happened." Ruby gulped down a huge amount of air. "There's a man with a huge gash on his stomach and we're about eight miles north of Beacon in Forever Falls. We're in the middle of a giant field surrounded by ash. He needs help now!"

"Okay, I understand, we're sending a medical VTOL to your location. It'll be about 20 minutes until it arrives due to intense fog," the video call ended.

The ground started to shake violently and she looked about twenty yards towards the completely incinerated end of the clearing. The two bluish-purplish masses she saw earlier began to rise and the sight of two hulking monsters left Ruby speechless, _Oh. My. God_.

The first thing that caught her eye was the giant shield on their left hands and giant green rods jutting out of their right arm. Her eyes trailed down the right arms to see an opening to what she guessed was a cannon of some sort. Above their head, six huge, elongated spikes jutted out of their upper backs. She noticed that the front of their armor seemed to be scorched black, but more so than the man or the alien that tried to kill her. Then, the two aliens began to move forward.

They walked in perfect sync next to each other and the ground rumbled

and cracked under their immense armored feet. They trained their weapons at Ruby and the man and slowly moved towards them. Ruby jumped into a defensive stance between the aliens and the man on the ground, holding Crescent Rose in both hands.

The hulking monsters stopped ten feet before them and the full force of intimidation and fear hit her. They towered over her at twelve feet in height with huge, thick spikes protruding from their back while the alien to her right was more bluish and the other one was more purplish. They continued to stare at her until she heard a low gutteral sound, "Werr awarr werrr wragh wraaaa."

"Ummâ€| I-I-I can't understand you," she tensely replied as they aimed the two green-glowing cannons at her. After a short pause, she felt an intense vibration in her ears, "_Wrrrid a-arou wrill Areet A-Aster Voro 'Mantakree, wrumeh?"_ Ruby's eyebrows raised in confusion, _Where did that come from? There's no way that those things are talking, right?. _She paused and stared at them again, but noticed some subtle movements. Their spikes were moving ever so slightly, like they were vibrating.

The purple alien's spikes began to vibrate even more violently again as it pointed its oversized shield at the dead creature, "_Do not make me repeat myself again. Did you kill the Sangheili Fleet Master, human?" _Ruby replied in a nervous voice, "N-No, I mean kinda. T-this man did most of the work," as she pointed to the green-armored body. The blue alien lowered his weapons while the purple one still trained his weapon on the wounded man, "_Brother, what are you doing? That damn demon is still alive and who knows how many of our brethren he has killed." _

"_They present no threat to us right now unless we provoke them. Our commander is dead and we have no clue as to where the silver path took us. The dying demon deserves a fair fight and it is the only thing that has my respect other than the Sangheili Fleet Masters and the Supreme Commander himself," _the blue one replied, "_I sensed no fear from it as it faced the entire Covenant army behind us. Why do the San 'Shyuum not allow their species into the Covenant? They have proven their worth throughout the years and the demons fight like our own species. They protect each other as brothers. Did you not see that one demon face a pair of bond brothers simultaneously after one of its own fell? It killed one of our own, unarmed, before falling to my Assault Cannon." _

"_I understand what you are saying, but when the demon wakes up, he will want to rip our bodies apart. Do you think he will just forget about the war and the atrocities between the Covenant and his species?"_ the purple one vibrated fiercely, aiming his cannon which glowed a steady green.

They seemed to forget the fourth person in the group. Ruby was still reeling back from the shock of the sudden clarity in their English and was just as astonished when the two aliens argued with each other, like siblings. "Ummâ€| W-what war are you talking about? What's this 'Covenant'?" Ruby stuttered, which she later regretted. The two aliens stopped 'talking' and their heads motioned towards her, "_What do you mean, 'What war'?!? We've already glassed all of your so-called 'Outer Colonies' in the galaxy and located most of your 'Inner Colonies' besides your home world. How isolated are you from your own species?" _the purple one vibrated irritated. _Outer

and Inner Colonies? _Ruby was confused, "No one on this planet has even ventured out into space."

Before the two giant aliens could process those words, a feminine shriek reached their ears, "RUBY!"

The three figures in the middle of the burned clearing looked towards the far end where they saw seven people run towards them. The two aliens raised their shield and their cannons began to glow a bright green, "WAIT! DON'T SHOOT, THEY'RE MY FRIENDS!" Ruby shouted, waving her hands in front of them. They refused to lower their weapons, and loud whirring sound emanated from the cannons as they fired large green balls of energy over her and toward her friends. "NO!" Ruby yelled as the balls of energy arced toward her friends, until they sailed right past them. Inhuman, animalistic roars were heard from the distance and sounds of a large horde slowly reached her ears. As her friends closed the distance, she saw about fifteen Ursas Majors and two Deathstalkers materialize out of the fog behind them.

"_You need not worry, human. We need information about where we are and I sense no ill will from you. We shall not hurt your allies unless they threaten us," _the blue one vibrated in a seemingly calm manner. Ruby drove the blade end of Crescent Rose into the ground and aimed at the closest Ursas, "Alright! Then, let's do this!" She let off several rounds of .50 caliber bullets, taking down one Ursas at a time. The two aliens crouched into position and fired volley after volley of green balls of energy at the charging horde while roaring in their native language.

* * *

><p>"HOW THE HELL DID THIS HAPPEN!?" Jaune shouted as Team JNPR and three members of Team RWBY ran through the red-colored forest woods. Currently, they were running from fifteen Ursas Majors and two Deathstalkers that were just plowing right through the trees. "I think they were attracted to the explosion and we just happened to appear in front of them," Blake said rather plainly. "Well, we can't let them catch up to us or surround us. We need to get to the clearing so we can fight without being so constricted by the forest!" Ren yelled over the stomping Grimm. "I think I see it!" Pyrrha exclaimed while jumping over some uprooted trees.</p>

All seven pairs of feet pounded the dirt as they entered the clearing. The treeline behind them shattered as the horde of Grimm chased down their 'prey.'

"Ruby should be around here somewhere!" Weiss yelled to Team JNPR, who all nodded. Yang surveyed the clearing in front of them, _I can't see through this damn fog._

"Why can't we fight them, Ren?" Nora complained. "There are too many of them, we need a better position than just running away," he replied.

They all looked ahead and saw two massive figures emerged through the fog. _What the heck is that? A new type of Grimm? _Blake thought as she picked up speed. Yang squinted her eyes a bit and saw a familiar deep red cloak that popped out against the black figures. "RUBY!" she screamed, scaring everyone beside her.

Everyone's eyes widened as they saw green balls of light arcing toward them, "OH JEEZ!" Jaune yelled in terror, but was suddenly left confused as the balls of light flew right past them. Loud explosions rocked the ground. Everyone looked behind and saw two Ursas with missing torsos as they fell over. "What was that!?" Weiss screamed.

Soon after, several sniper shots echoed throughout the forest, and three Ursas dropped with three well-placed shots to the head. "Yeah! GO RUBY!" Yang yelled in excitement. The closer they got to where Ruby was, the bigger those massive figures by Ruby. Three more volleys of green light, followed by loud guttural roars, burned through the Ursas one by one, leaving only four Ursas left and two Deathstalkers.

Team JNPR and the rest of Team RWBY turned around and drew their weapons, "Nora, go ahead," Ren smirked. Nora's face burst into a huge grin as she extended her hammer, Magnhild, and swung at the nearest charging Ursa, knocking it off to the left. She then jumped on top of the Ursa and caved its skull in with her hammer.

"Alright, finally!" Yang charged forward and punched relentlessly with her Ember Celicas at multiple spots on an Ursa's upper before landing a critical uppercut to the beast. Ruby took the chance to aim at the dazed beast and fired a shot through its eye, scrambling its brain. Yang grinned and looked back, "Thanks sis!"

Pyrrha wielded her transformed rifle spear and used a dip on the rim of her shield to steady her shot. She fired two accurate successive shots under each of an Ursa's kneecaps which caused it to trip and drop to the ground where Jaune was standing by with his sword. He decapitated the beast and gave Pyrrha a thumbs up until the last Ursa swiped Jaune into the ground. Blake charged the Ursa and activated her Shadow Clone semblance to slice the beast's legs down with her Gambol Shroud. Weiss adjusted her rapier, Myrtenaster, to ice dust and froze the Ursa's legs, rendering it immobile. Behind her, Ren charged forward, jumped onto its shoulders, and jammed both of his Stormflowers into its eye sockets and held the trigger. Brain matter and blood flew out the back of the Ursa's head.

The two Deathstalkers screeched at their opponents and rushed forward, ignoring all of the bullets and explosives from both Team RWBY and Team JNPR. "Oh no," Ruby said as she analyzed the Deathstalker's path, "They're going to crush the robot man!"

"WRAGH!" the two alien beasts roared as their feet pounded the ground, stepping over the wounded man and clashing against the two giant white-armored scorpions. The purple-armored alien quickly sidestepped the large stinger aimed for its head and raised his shield in time to block the scorpion's pincers. At the same time, the blue-armored alien raised its shield and deflected the other Deathstalker's stinger off to the side and fired two volleys of green light, melting and blasting apart its pincers, which made the beast scream in pain. Both aliens dropped their left shoulder and charged into their respective opponents. They raised their metallic purple shields and bashed the scorpions' skulls, followed by jamming their cannons into the recently made opening. A large blast of green light permeated the air and the Deathstalkers slumped to the ground with their faces full of smoldering flesh and bone.

They watched in awe as the giant aliens finished off the Deathstalkers with one shot from their powerful cannons.

* * *

><p>"Hey Ruby, umâ€| what the heck are those?" Jaune stood behind Ruby and pointed at the large hulking beasts with spikes jutting out of their backs.<p>

"I didn't really ask before until you guys showed up with an army of Grimm." Ruby replied seriously while Jaune scratched the back of his head.

The sound of spinning blades entered the clearing and everyone looked up. The aliens tensed and held their shields high, in case they receive some sort of gunfire. Ruby came up behind them, "Don't worry. It's just an ambulance. I called them here for the wounded man over there." The aliens looked at her than at each other and lowered their shields.

The helicopter blades from the VTOL kicked up dirt, ashes, and leaves as it slowly landed near the wounded man. Two emergency medical technicians jumped out of the VTOL and immediately saw the severity of the man's wound.

"Blonde-hair, red-head, and orange-hair, come here and help." one of the EMTs asked with urgency. Pyrrha walked over with glowing black hands, "I have a magnetic semblance, I'll be able to lift him." She concentrated and lifted himâ€| a foot off the ground, "Wow. He is really heavy." She started straining herself until she felt the burden lighten, "Hey, he asked all three of us, remember? No need to do it by yourself." Yang stated when she and Nora began helping the other two EMTs lift the body. All five people were straining themselves when carrying the severely wounded man into the VTOL, placing him on the metal carriage. "Damn, how much does that guy weigh?" Yang breathed after she dropped to the floor with the other two girls.

The EMTs jumped into the VTOL while one of them banged on the side door, signaling to lift off. Nine pairs of eyes watched the vehicle disappear into the foggy air.

* * *

><p>Professor Goodwitch rubbed her eyes, "Ms. Rose, please explain the situation to me as to why there was a fully armored man with a hole in his stomach, some type of creature in two pieces, and two giant tanks with hand-held cannons that can penetrate Deathstalker armor?" Everyone had gathered around Ruby to hear the story while the Hunters stood watch for any more Grimm.<p>

As Ruby's adrenaline rush died down, her small body began to shiver, "I-I-Idon'tknowwheretheycamefrom.
Inearlywaskilledbythatweirdm-m-monsteronthegroundâ€".

"Ruby, calm down. We're all here with you," Yang hugged her little sister, "Now, how did you 'almost get killed'?" she asked in a soothing voice which comforted her.

She recounted what happened and what she saw when she approached the dying man, "...then it raised some weird two-prong sword until that man saved me."

"You said that man saved you. How? He had a fucking hole in his stomach!" Yang exaggerated.

"Language, Ms. Xiao Long," Goodwitch glared at her. Yang shrank back a little, "Sorry, but still!"

"Well, he yelled out 'Lucy!' and threw this huge knife at it. It sank right into its neck." Ruby said with glazed eyes as she briefly re-lived her near death experience.

"What about those giant aliens, are they going to kill us!?" Weiss interjected, completely oblivious to Ruby's experience.

"No, they said that they needed information about where they are before the horde of Grimm came," Ruby recounted.

"You believed them?" Weiss paused briefly, "Wait, wait, wait. You were able to talk to those things?" she then asked in disbelief.

"Yeah, but they don't talk with their mouths, but with some weird vibrations. You kind of 'feel' the words before they reach your ears." Ruby shuddered, _It was a strange experience._

"Alright, but you still haven't really convinced me that those WALKING TANKS won't kill us" Weiss complained.

Blake rolled her eyes, "If they really wanted to kill us, they would have tried or done so already. They took down the Deathstalkers for us."

"That doesn't ease the fact that they can still kill us with little to no trouble, and unlike Grimm, they're fairly intelligent. Just the two of them could probably take on the Atlesian robotic military," Weiss retaliated.

Goodwitch came to a decision, "I don't trust them either, but since it seems that they somewhat trust Ruby, they are your responsibility." Team RWBY looked at each other then to the thirteen-foot aliens then back to her, "WHAT!?"

"No arguments until we talk to Headmaster Ozpin about the situation at Beacon." Goodwitch replied.

"Oh Ruby!" Yang sang, "I know what will cheer you up." She waved a five foot long sniper rifle, scorched black, in front of her.

"OH MY GOD! GIMME!" she yelled, forgetting everything that just happened.

She caressed the rifle, "Don't worry baby, I'll take care of you," and held it close to her body, which was almost as tall as her.

Weiss rolled her eyes at Ruby's antics, "You have an unhealthy obsession of weapons, Ruby."

"I wouldn't be surprised if she had a sticky gun barrel lying around our room," Yang joked, which in turn made Blake and Weiss snicker.

"Everyone, grab what you can around here, but leave the alien. I will ask for a recovery team to take the alien body for study." Miss Goodwitch ordered, "We'll ask our 'guest' questions about his weapons when he fully recovers."

Blake glanced around the clearing, "Hey, there's some more weapons over there." She walked to the edge of the clearing and picked up to what looked like a bullpup rifle. She noticed an ammo counter which read 0, "Guess I can't test fire this."

Weiss went toward where the dying man was lying and saw a stainless-steel pistol, _This is a very large pistol, who needs this powerful of a handgun? _She aimed it at the forest and fired. _Click._ _Hmm... guess there's no ammo_, she thought.

Ren and Jaune looked for any weapons around the dead alien. "Hey Jaune, I found something," Ren said as he grasped the handle, which fit quite comfortably. Jaune stood about five feet in front of Ren, "Who fights with a handle?" Ren squeezed the handle slightly and a huge, blue two-prong blade came to life.

Jaune jumped back, "WHOA! Watch where you point that thing, you nearly killed me."

"Whoops, sorry," Ren apologized and eased the pressure off the handle, turning it off. After nearly having a heart attack, Jaune dropped down to the dead alien and saw a hilt sticking out of its neck. He grabbed it and pulled out an 8 inch metal knife from the creature's neck, "Damn, this is a big knife."

* * *

><p>The loud stomps and cracking ground from the giant aliens kept away most of the Grimm as the group headed back towards Beacon. Professor Goodwitch lead the group with Team RWBY and Team JNPR behind. The aliens took up the rear, several yards away from the main group. Nora held back and climbed up the purple alien's back, "Hey big guy, can I see that AWESOME cannon?" Nora's eyes sparkled. The more purplish alien tried to shake her off but she held onto one of its spikes, "For the last time, no. And get off of me, human." Nora frowned, but jumped off and joined her friends ahead.

The purple alien looked to its brother for help and vibrated in its native tongue, "_Brother, why will you not let me kill these annoying pests? And why are we following them anyways?"_

"_We need to find a way back and these humans know nothing of the war. I'm afraid that the silver path transported us somewhere far from the frontlines and the demon is our only hope in bringing us back."_ the blue one replied.

Author's Note:

**Ambrosius is a latin word for 'immortal' and I did a play on words

(after reading the Halo wiki) with Kurt's last name Ambrose. ****I also took the 'knife to the neck' from the Sgt. Forge vs. the Arbiter scene in Halo Wars, so credit to Bungie. My updates will not be as fast as this because of school.**

Please follow, favorite, and review.

3. Chapter 3: Welcome to Beacon (REWRITTEN)

Rewritten as of 11/16/14

WARNING! This contains more spoilers from Eric Nylund's **_Ghosts of Onyx**_. **You have been warned.**

Disclaimer: The Halo series belongs to Bungie Studios/343 industries (and Eric Nylund's **_Ghosts of Onyx**_**) and RWBY belongs to Roosterteeth. I do not own any of these characters.**

Enjoy!

CHAPTER 3

The starry night sky was very calming as twelve year-old Kurt took down another drill instructor in the dark green forest. He smiled as he gathered up the MA5B and its stun rounds for his teammates who were resting at the beach. They had evaded Chief Mendez and took down some of his drill instructors during a combat exercise. Some of the Spartans had taken up watch with the stun MA5Bs in the trees while everyone else was having fun at the beach. They would switch out for some nice R&R that they haven't had in a long time. He slowly crept back toward the campsite while keeping a look out for more DIs. As he exited the forest, he felt peace as he saw all of his brothers and sisters eating and sleeping.

He walked up to a small red-headed girl near one of the several campfires who was cradling an assault rifle, "Hey Linda, want to get some fish?" he asked. She looked up and smiled, but shook her head, "No thanks," she looked past Kurt and towards the forest, "Where's the rest of Green Team?"

He turned his head around to glance at the forest, but instead of seeing the dark forest, he saw before him a huge crowd of six year-old recruits standing before him. He wore his military green Mark V MJOLNIR armor, "I am going to give you a chance to learn how to fight, a chance to become the best soldiers the UNSC has ever produced, a chance to destroy the Covenant. I am giving you a chance to be like me: a Spartan."

"_There are five hundred of you. We have three hundred training slots. So tonight, Senior Chief Petty Officer Mendez_â€"" _as he turned to nod toward the Chief, he was then thrust into the medical ship UNSC Hopeful, wearing his naval officer uniform. Standing before him was his right-hand man and woman, Tom-B292 and Lucy-B091, the last two survivors of the Spartan-III Beta Company. "Report," Kurt said in a stern voice. "The candidates are ready to board, sir," Tom said._

_His vision spun into the metal-walled medical bay where Gamma

Company would be receiving their augmentations to finalize the process of their Spartan training. The candidates were getting prepped for the medical augmentation in their pods and a well-muscled teenager walked up to him, "Sir, I just wanted to let you know what an honor it's been to train under you, Chief Mendez, and Petty Officers Tom and Lucy. If I don't make it today, I wanted you to know that I wouldn't have done anything differently, sir." _

"_The honor has been mine," Kurt said. He shook the boy's hand and watched as the candidates laid down in their pods. He turned towards the door and opened it, sounds of alien screams and gunfire filled his ears._

Bodies of Grunts, Elites, and Jackals covered the metallic, alien floor and the sounds of gunfire echoed off the walls. His brother Will was fighting two Hunters at once and managed to kill one with his bare fists before taking fuel rod shot to his chest. He walked forward two steps before slumping onto the ground. To his right, he saw Holly, a Gamma Company Spartan-III, take a fuel rod to her chest as she was flung backwards. "I'm out!" Linda and Fred said as they checked their rifles simultaneously. He looked to his left and saw his brother and sister rush towards the Forerunner portal with Dr. Halsey, Chief Mendez, Tom, and Lucy. He blinked once and found himself staring down two Hunters and a Golden Zealot in front of the same portal that allowed his friends to escape.

The Zealot's mandibles formed a cruel smile, laughing in a deep, guttural voice as the dead bodies of every single MIA Spartan slowly appeared before him. He held his gaze with the Elite, then pressed the button, "...Spartans never die." Everything went white.

--

Beep.

--

Beep.

--

Beep.

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Kurt's eyes fluttered open and his vision began to focus, slowly showing a clear image of a white ceiling. He slowly lifted his head and his enhanced eyes subconsciously scanned the white room in a matter of seconds. The source of the beeping came from the IV machine that sat to his right, in front of a window that overlooked several buildings. An opaque blue curtain hung to his left, obscuring his view on the other side and an IV stand stood near the bed. His eyes trailed down the IV lines which led to his left wrist. His whole body was covered by a white blanket, but then he noticed that the bed he was lying in actually fitted his height. He tried to sit up but felt cool metal cuffs restraining his arms and legs as pain shot up his stomach and lower chest. He gritted his teeth, not making a sound, and slowly lowered his head back onto soft, white pillow under his head, _I can feel pain, so I'm not dead somehow, but someone tied me

to the bed. Great..._

His mind drifted back to the two nukes that would have leveled that entire Forerunner room, _The last time I woke up after my 'death' was when ONI faked my death and Colonel Ackerson recruited me into the Spartan-III program. _He stared out the window, stunned by the absolute beauty of the clear blue sky and the architecture of the buildings, _How long have I been unconscious? _The rumbling of a doorknob snapped him out of his thoughts and he turned his gaze toward the blue curtains. His hardened body tensed and applied pressure to the cuffs, which bent slowly as he applied more and more pressure, _Good, I can break out of these easily._ Kurt closed his eyes to the point where he could peek out the corner of them, but still look like he was sleeping. He toned down his breathing to make the scene more believable.

Kurt's highly sensitive ears picked up the soft pattering of the person's feet as he or she moved closer to the curtain. A small feminine hand pulled the curtain back, revealing a woman, who with the white medical dress, signified her being a nurse. Her burnt orange hair cascaded down to the middle of her back. She held a small IV bag, possibly saline, to replace the nearly empty one. She removed the IV from the man's left wrist in an attempt to replace the IV bag, but she did not expect the giant seven foot and a half man to instantly break his cuffs and move behind her.

A giant hand covered her mouth and wrapped his left arm around both her arms and body, "Don't move or say a word. Nod if you understand." She nodded frantically. "I'm just going to ask you a couple of questions. I'm going to let go, but do not scream or I will take drastic measures." Kurt said authoritatively, trying to soothe the woman while getting some answers. She nodded again. He released her from his grip and she turned to the now awake giant man. After the past few days of taking care of this patient, she noticed the rippling muscles outlined in his small hospital gown that only reached his mid thigh. She tore her gaze away from the man's body and looked into the intimidating blue eyes of the war veteran, which demanded respect.

His low, husky voice broke the silence, "Now, where am I?"

The nurse blushed, "In Beacon ER, the hospital wing at Beacon Academy."

He had not recognized the name but his stony face showed no signs of confusion, he asked, "Why was I cuffed to my own hospital bed?"

"You were thrashing in your sleep, which we assumed were from nightmares, and none of the leather straps held you down, so we used metal cuffs from the Vale Police Department," she replied nervously. Kurt observed the woman's stance, but it was clear that she was still a little shaken from the surprise of her routine job.

"How long was I unconscious for?" he asked, trying to figure out the situation he was in.

"You arrived here about a week ago on a Bullhead. You had a large gash that ran from the bottom of your chest to the top of your stomach, which had torn up your liver. You also had several fractured ribs. We had to perform a liver transplant, and as you can see, the

surgeon was successful."

So I've been unconscious for a whole week? "What happened to the Covenant?" he asked.

The nurse hesitated, "Umâ€¦ What's the Covenant?"

Kurt's face showed no signs of shock, but inside his mind, his 'feeling' was going crazy. He reviewed all the events that happened before he lost consciousness:

He was a Spartan II, trained and augmented to take down Insurrectionists and later the Covenant.

The Covenant was beating the shit out of the UNSC last time he checked.

He was training children for the Spartan-III program.

A few survivors had made it to safety in the Forerunner bunker when Onyx was invaded.

_He detonated two __NUCLEAR__ warheads before losing consciousness._

And now, this woman does not have a single clue about the Covenant. Two things were on his mind, _Where am I and what the hell happened?_

A knock at the door broke his train of thought and quickly turned his head to see a greying man wearing a doctor's coat standing in the doorway, "Catherine, why don't 'cha leave us and contact Headmaster Ozpin. He'll want to know that his unexpected guest is awake. I'll talk to the patient for now." The nurse paced around Kurt and rushed out of the room, the two men staring at each other.

"Who are you and what do you know about me?" Kurt demanded, breaking the tense silence. "I'm the man who saved yer life and for yer second question, you ain't from around here or this planet," the doctor coolly replied in a southern accent.

"How would you know that?" Kurt narrowed his eyes. "Well, for one, yer armor technology far surpasses those at Atlas, our world's most technologically advanced kingdom. Hell, even the shrapnel I extracted out of ya is better than the metal alloys on those machines," the surgeon continued, "And two, yer biological readings are off the charts, akin to human augmentation which I haven't seen a successful case of to at least this extent. There's also the fact ya survived what seemed temperatures that could incinerate trees in a two-mile radius."

Kurt stood there, "Have you told anyone else?"

"No, but I have discussed it with Headmaster Ozpin, mah boss, and he does agree with my theory."

Kurt jumped to his next question and intensified his glare, "What happened to my armor?"

"Don't worry, we don't want any of yer tech, but our mechanic helped

save yer life by taking the armor off of ya so we could operate," the surgeon's gaze faltered slightly as he replied.

Kurt's hard gaze barely penetrated the man's defenses, _This man is almost as good as Chief Mendez_. His years of skillful observations hadn't raised any alarms in the surgeon's movement or voice inflections, so he wasn't lying as far as he could tell. He decided to place his trust in the man who saved him, "I'll see Mr. Ozpin, but if for one second I sense a bit of betrayal, I will end you, him, and all of your staff." The surgeon felt relieved, "Thank ya. We'll try our best to find out what happened to ya and getcha home. I'll send ya some clothes to change into because that gown ain't coverin' much. I need ya to rest yer body too, which is still recovering from wherever ya got that massive amount of trauma."

"Oh, and one more thing, what's yer name?" the surgeon questioned.

"Kurt Ambrose, sir," the Spartan replied.

"Doctor James Burke, at yer service."

With that, both men shook hands and the surgeon left him to his own thoughts. Kurt folded his arms and looked out the window, _I can't shake the feeling that I won't be going 'home' for a long time_.

* * *

><p>Time: 1520 hours

Location: Beacon Academy

During his three hour rest, he fabricated a whole story using some experiences from his life and especially left out anything relating to Spartans and the Covenant. _They're humans as far as I can tell, but_ _I'm going to need an explanation for my equipment. I can't lie my way out of this, but maybe a half-truth will work. How am I going to explain how I came here? The only other thing I can think of is some type of covert project that deals with Slipspace or something. Just mentioning the Covenant would probably make me seem like a delusional man, besides, what good will explaining a homicidal alien alliance committing mass genocide do for me anyways?_

The doctor kept his promise and sent a nurse with some clothes, which were a plain black t-shirt, dark blue jeans, and white running shoes. He felt uncomfortable since he didn't have any weapons strapped to him or any type of body armor that was usually sown into naval uniforms, but he ignored it. He had asked the doctor if he could leave, since he felt that he was wasting his time, to meet Mr. Ozpin in his office. The doctor was a little reluctant at first, but after a few tests, he was a little surprised at Kurt's rapid recovery after only waking up recently. He had told the Spartan that Ozpin's office was located in the tallest building on campus.

Kurt walked down the massive paved pathway, lined with massive arches that lead into what looked to be the center of the school. _I've got to admit, this is very impressive. _Kurt saw many planets and cities during his deployment in the UNSC, but this ranked pretty high on best design. A tall spire clock tower came into view that overlooked the entire campus, _That must be Ozpin's office. _Kurt re-focused on

reviewing his plan to explain his situation, _I can't reveal too much, no need to tell them about the Covenantâ€_|_

Kurt's massive physique drew the attention of many students as he continued to walk towards the Headmaster's office, but as he continued on, he noticed something among the students. Several of them had animal tails or ears and he could tell that others tried to hide their features through clothing. Some of them caught sight of him and darted away, _I need to get some information on this world. Fast._

As he reached the entrance to the building, a man wearing a black kevlar vest, white shirt, and blue pants stopped him at the door, "What are you doing here, sir?"

Kurt noticed the man's badge, "Headmaster Ozpin wanted to see me," Kurt replied calmly. The guard raised a finger to his ear, "Has Ozpin been waiting for a tall man who, more or less could probably snap me in half?" A security camera above the door zoomed in on Kurt's face, which hadn't fazed him. Kurt's hearing picked up the response, "_Yeah, I think that's the guy, face seems right and the body matches the bizarre description. Let him up._"

"Okay, seems you're good to go, he's at the top floor of this building, just... don't break anything," the security guard stated, stepping out of the Spartan's way.

He entered through the double doors, heading to the elevator, _Military rank will cover my equipment, secret experimental military teleportation technology will cover my appearance here, and an Insurrectionist attack will cover my wounds. That should at least cover the basic questions they may have. _

As the elevator rose closer and closer to his destination, his enhanced hearing picked up muffled voices, "I still can't believe you just let a dangerous man walk through campus," a womanly voice complained. "James did try to stop him, but the man was insistent on meeting me. James is a good judge of character and told me that the man seems harmless unless provoked," a male voice responded. "We don't know anything about him. How would you know that he won't hurt any of the students?"

"He hasn't killed anyone in the hospital when he woke up and I trust the doctor's judgment. I doubt the stranger will want to give himself a bad first impression."

At that point, the elevator doors opened up, his vision taking in the environment in front of him. He saw a gray-haired man with a green scarf wearing glasses sitting behind a desk and a blonde-haired woman wearing a white blouse and black skirt standing behind him. Large Grecian pillars supports the room along the wall and huge bronze gears spun slowly in the massive window behind the man and woman. "Ah, our mystery guest. I'm glad to see that you are up and about. Please come over, we have much to discuss," the gray-haired man, presumably Ozpin has said. Kurt walked towards them, passing the giant gears that continuously grinded on both sides of the room, "Thank you for patching me up, sir, my name is Kurt Ambrose."

Ozpin examined the man's huge figure, "Please, call me Ozpin and here behind me is Professor Glynda Goodwitch." Kurt felt the analytical

eyes of the woman but ignored her, "Where exactly am I?" he asked, already dreading the answer. "Beacon Academy. A place where we train Hunters and Huntresses to fight Grimm, who would like nothing better than to kill all humans on Remnant," Ozpin continued, "Now, where do you come from, Mr. Ambrose?" _I've got to be careful with my story, Kurt saw the cleverness and experience in the man's eyes.

"Just a little warning though, my background may be a bitâ€¢ astonishing, but it should answer some of the questions you may have. I just ask for your patience and the time to ask a few questions in return."

"Fair enough," Ozpin dropped any signs of a light-hearted greeting and his eyes narrowed through his circular glasses. Kurt breathed, _Here goes nothing, "I am Lieutenant Commander Kurt Ambrose, an officer of the UNSC, which stands for United Nations Space Command." Goodwitch blinked, "Wait, you mean your government has... space travel!?"

Kurt proceeded, "The UNSC isn't a government, but a military branch." _Though they do seem synonymous._

Goodwitch stared at Kurt and then sternly demanded, "Please explain how you achieved space travel."

"They achieved space travel through the development of the Shaw-Fujikawa Translight engine, from which what I understand, rips a hole in space and allows us to travel places light years away in reasonable amounts of time," Kurt continued, "I am just employed as a soldier by the UNSC, so I cannot explain the science behind it. We just call it Slipspace."

Ozpin interjected, "So you're telling me you have a civilization that exists among the stars?"

"Yes sir. Before I was interrupted by Miss Goodwitch, we have colonized numerous planets in our galaxy, which exploded the human population. Earth is the world where all humans in the colonized planets have their ancestry."

Ozpin leaned back in his chair, trying to process the information, while Glynda stood there watching the Spartan.

Kurt saw the doubt and confusion on their faces, noticing that Ozpin began to watch him more closely.

Ozpin spoke up, "Why haven't we heard about this UNSC before? Seeing how widespread your government has covered."

"I need to start with where I am from to explain how I got here. It will make my appearance here less confusing," Kurt responded.

"Valid point," Ozpin stated, letting silence fill the room.

Goodwitch spoke up, "Assuming that you've colonized as many planets as you've said, have you ever come into contact with any intelligent beings? I mean, you must have met something, right?"

Human curiosity never ceases to surface, does it? "Surprisingly,

there weren't any intelligent life forms that could organize themselves into tribes or civilizations, but there were many ferocious beasts that gave the UNSC a hard time during colonization. We actually domesticated some of them and turned them into additional food sources for the UEG. You'd be surprised at how many of them taste like chicken." Ozpin smiled at the remark while Goodwitch furrowed her eyes, "Really now. You'd expect me to believe that with all these habitable planets, not one of them could produce a single intelligent life form?"

"It hasn't made any sense to the scientists back though they are still looking into it." Kurt stated, _If they only knew._

Ozpin rested his elbows on his desk and rubbed his temples, "Let me clarify for a second because you've hit us with a lot of extraordinary information. So first of all, you're a soldier."

"Correct."

"Under the deployment of a space-faring organization called the UNSC."

"Correct."

"Who are also comprised of humans that have colonized many other planets through an engine that has given them the ability to travel across space."

"Yes sir."

Ozpin exhaled and leaned forward, resting on his elbows, "Glad we're on the same page, but the only thing linking you to your story right now is your armor, so for now, I'm giving you the benefit of the doubt. As much as I would love to hear about these different planets and the mysteries of space, let's get to what really matters: how did you get here, why did you have a gaping hole in your chest, and why were you surrounded by a small arsenal of weapons?"

_Some of my weapons got through? They're hiding some important detailsâ€¦ _"I'm part of a highly-trained task force whose duty is to put down Insurrectionists, terrorists from the Outer Colonies who want to separate from the UEG, or United Earth Government."

Ozpin's eyes suddenly narrowed, "Terrorists? Haven't you tried to negotiate with them? They may just want to be left alone, not worrying about planets and a government so far away."

Kurt realized the implications of Ozpin's statement, _He's trying to figure out where my morals lay and the mentality of the UNSC. Clever._

"We have tried to compromise, but the Outer Colonies are the UEG's main food sources, especially for the Inner Colonies. They wouldn't listen during negotiations and we were nearly on the brink of civil war." Ozpin took a second to imagine such a massive war complete with large starships and troops brandished in Kurt's green armor, "So the UEG relies on the unity of all colonies for it to remain stable?"

"Yes sir. The UNSC wants to prevent a civil war as it would collapse the UEG and cause massive famine in many worlds. The sole purpose of my unit is to keep the UEG together." Kurt stated.

Ozpin clasped his hands, "That's a very large responsibility given to a task force, protecting a whole galaxy."

"Every man and woman in my unit know the situations and duties that are given to us and are willing to die to complete their objectives. As will I," Kurt's voice hardened, as if he was reciting an oath.

Ozpin and Goodwitch stared at him, momentarily stunned by the amount of conviction in his voice. The Headmaster garnered a little more respect for him, "I seeâ€œ You've explained who you are, but back to my initial question, how did you get here?"

Good, they don't seem to be prying too much, Kurt thought as he continued his explanation, "My superiors ordered me to oversee security at a classified research facility, which was building some sort of 'instant teleportation' method between planets."

Goodwitch crossed her arms and rolled her eyes, "Okay, I can see, at least now, humans developing an engine for space travel, but instant teleportation? That's just insane."

"That's the point of science. To explain the unknown to man and achieve what can be done, if it can be done," Kurt said, earning a glare from Goodwitch. He continued, "My commanding officers had actually placed the base by an unknown smuggling route near the edge of UNSC-controlled space. The security teams under my command would deal with small groups of smugglers and Insurrectionists that would occasionally take that route. Unfortunately, the day the scientists began testing the teleporter, a large battalion of trained Insurrectionists appeared on our doorstep. Apparently, they have been studying the attacks on the edge of the Outer Colonies and decided to take action."

"And how does this lead up to you ending up in a burned crater in the forest of Forever Fall, Mr. Ambrose?" Ozpin questioned.

Kurt began to explain, "The Insurrectionists pushed my teams back to the main testing room and the security teams had taken position in front of the teleportation apparatus. I was giving out orders until I was blasted me into the portal by a rocket, shredding me with shrapnel. The controls and the machinery surrounding the teleporter had been peppered with bullets, so it had probably malfunctioned and sent me to your world. I'm still surprised that I was still alive after I went through the teleporter."

"That still doesn't explain the massive two miles of incinerated forest or how you survived the blast," Goodwitch pointed out. "As I said before, the teleporter was still in development so it may have enhanced the explosion as it opened up, and to as how I survived, well, my armor is made of tough material," Kurt replied.

"How did you know that we were not enemies?" Ozpin mused, "We could be the very insurgents you described."

"The Insurrectionists would gladly kill any person from my unit and

wouldn't waste any medical supplies on us."

A minute of silence passed until Ozpin spoke up, "Mr. Ambrose, to be honest, I've been thinking this entire time on why you would be lying. I mean, I don't see any reasons for you to make up this story. The circumstances are so perplexing, but sometimes the truth is stranger than fiction. If you had any notions of where you were, you would have probably made a more believable story that had characteristics of this world. Unless you are utterly insane, your story makes more sense for your unique situation. But here's one last question, how do I know you're not signaling some invasion force for further colonization, with all things considered?"

"I could go on and on about better tactics than just lying on the ground, bleeding out. Do you really think it would be a sound strategy for me to have my organs pulverized while scouting?"

"There are very ferocious beasts out in the forest that can do that to a man," Ozpin responded calmly.

"Okay, well let me put it this way. If I was really part of a reconnaissance team, do you think anyone would just leave me with all the advanced gear that I had on me, including my own body?"

Ozpin paused, "...You make a valid point... I'll give you the benefit of the doubt for right now, but I wouldn't know if the first three words from your mouth were the truth, you have ignorance on your side. These outrageous claims are all so far-fetched and yet, somehow correlate to what we've seen. I mean, you have to understand, we still have our doubts and worries."

Kurt nodded, "Of course. Seeing your technology as of now, I understand that my current situation may be hard to comprehend."

"But, still, you have the physique, armor, weapons, and injuries to substantiate your claim," Ozpin refuted.

"So, if you're not a willing traveler to our little world, couldn't we send you back through teleportation? The UNSC is bound to be within the universe if what you say is true." Goodwitch added.

Kurt responded in kind, "Since I wasn't sent to any of the planets that recognizes the UNSC, I had assumed that it sent me further outside of UNSC-controlled space. The UNSC are able to view a planet's surface within the galaxy from their interstellar warships and space stations, so we would have known if there was an isolated human civilization on another planet. Knowing this, it would be logical to believe I am in another galaxy. But as I've said before, I'm just a soldier, so unless you can create another teleportation device that can send me across galaxies, I'm stuck here. I'd be long dead before a distress signal could reach some type of UNSC vessel."

"Then what will you do now, Mr. Ambrose?" Professor Goodwitch asked, still wary of his huge figure. He stood straighter than before, "As my duty as a soldier of the UNSC, I will defend humanity from all threats," then he tilted his head toward them, "That being said, I don't believe that I will be able to find my way back unless the headmaster has a solution." Kurt faced reality. Seeing the

technological state that these people were in told him that there wouldn't be any sort of Slipspace travel any time soon.

Silence filled the room once again after the Spartan's statement, leaving Ozpin deep in thought. Finally, he spoke up, "Unfortunately, I wouldn't even know where to begin to find your home nor am I willing to bring a military fleet to my academy, and I also don't think you want Vale's military interrogating either." Ozpin continued, "So, I have an alternative. I believe we can place you here as a prospective teacher and later employ you as a professor after a teacher's examination. We will also provide you with food and an apartment for as long as you are teaching here."

Professor Goodwitch nearly fell backwards, "WHAT!?"

"Please Glynda. Our friend here has no clue where he's at and those military officials will only want his armor. He's been polite, respectful, and answered our questions, so I believe he deserves some help to get him established here," Ozpin said as he attempted to calm the professor down.

Kurt held his emotions better than Professor Goodwitch but was equally as shocked and confused by the sudden proposition, but then thought this over, _Hmph, talk about __dÃ©jÃ vu_. A 'fake' death and being recruited to teach kids how to fight. At least this man isn't like Ackerson, though something's not rightâ€œ! He's bought into all of this a lot better than I imagined, but at least he's not trying to kill me. I'll have time to figure out what happened with a roof over my head and some food._

"What will I be doing as a prospective teacher?"

"Since you are a battle-hardened veteran, you will be working with Glynda in the combat courses, such as teamwork, fighting techniques, battle tactics. Once you're a full-fledged teacher, you will be able to work on your own with the students on a specific subject," Ozpin explained then suddenly smiled, "I also suggest you head to the library to get you up to speed on some basic knowledge on our world. We only allow knowledgeable professors into our teaching program."

_Seems like he wants to keep an eye on me. I don't blame him, but he is also giving me an opportunity to integrate myself into this new world. I REALLY don't need some type of military force coming after me either. _"Deal, but I have one final question. Where's my armor?" Kurt asked sternly.

"Don't worry. He's a very trustworthy young man and I've known him for many years. He's been trying to repair it, but told me that the materials for the armor's metal alloy is hard to get," Ozpin replied, "I'll also tell the students who scavenged some of your weapons to return them to him for repair. Please wait for Glynda downstairs, I need to talk to her for a minute to finalize all the paperwork for your new teaching position."

Kurt nodded, "Thank you, sir," and he stuck out his massive hand. The headmaster slightly grimaced at the man's grip, "Glynda will lead you to your apartment here on campus and help you settle in."

"That's greatly appreciated, sir," Kurt said and headed towards the

door, _What did I just get myself into_?

* * *

><p>Ozpin watched the man enter the elevator and waited until its doors closed, "He seems like a good-natured man."</p>

"The man is dangerous, Ozpin. His medical reports show that he's already stronger than an Ursula," Glynda warned, "He's hiding a lot of things about himself. He didn't even mention the creatures that came with him."

"It's only natural. He woke up in a strange world, far different from his own, so for right now, let him adjust to his new life," Ozpin chuckled, "And to think that we initially took those aliens for some kind of armored earthworm monstrosities from Atlas."

"Aliens!? You actually believe he's some militarized space man?" Goodwitch exclaimed in disbelief.

"Glynda, his story makes sense, don't you think? The armor, the weapons, the man himself, his other companions. Even if we were to assume he fell from out of the sky, his technology alone shows that he comes from an advanced civilization, but that doesn't mean I trust everything he's said," Ozpin responded calmly.

"If you didn't trust him, why in the world would you give him a teaching position!? You've said it yourself! Assuming he's some sort of military astronaut, how do you absolutely know he's not bringing an invasion for further 'colonization'? We could be transmitting a beacon to them for all we know."

"Glynda, there ARE better tactics for an invasion. A trained soldier like him doesn't just get wounded by an Ursula, especially with all the weapons he had on him. Letting him here as a teacher allows us to keep an eye on him and prevent anyone from taking advantage of his rather unique situation. If this UNSC manages to find us, at least they will not come and take him by force."

Ozpin spun around his chair, facing the window, "He did leave out information about those aliens that came with him, and they seemed rather 'fond' of the man. Remember, they called him a 'demon' because they think it would take the 'will of the gods' to put him down, meaning that they've fought each other before," Ozpin imagined the lone man in his green armor facing off the two large purple beasts, aiming their cannons at him. "I believe he's a high-ranking soldier, just by observing his mannerisms, but I also believe that with a little trust and the right leverage, we can get the full story. We'll tell him about the aliens when the time is right."

"Putting this off will only make him distrust us even more," Glynda grabbed a spare scroll from inside Ozpin's desk. "Those aliens protected our students in the forests. They deserve some trust," Ozpin replied.

Glynda's heels clacked against the grey marble floor as she headed to the elevator, "Well, I hope you can convince him of the aliens' 'change of heart' because if not," she glanced at him over her shoulder, "you're the first person he's going after."

****Author's Note:****

****Credit to Eric Nylund for Kurt's dreaming sequence. ****

****I am REALLY sorry for deleting this chapter. This chapter is pivotal for driving the rest of the story (motivation, explanation, etc.), so I took it down and re-did a lot of it. I also wanted to improve the interactions between the characters (I need to work on my dialogue). I have been busy with school, so I'm sorry about the lack of updates.****

****Thanks for reading, but leave a review. I can only get better through feedback.****

End
file.